SOCIAL SCIENCES

NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 29, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Ladies' Month in the Slicks

ALOISE HEATH

Repeal of the Constitution?

L. BRENT BOZELL

Be Resolved to Fight

ANTONIO OLIVEIRA SALAZAR

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For the Record

Soviet Russia is buying up French and other European assets and businesses in Tunisia and Morocco, according to reliable Paris reports. They say the purchases are channeled through a dummy Yugoslav firm in Zurich.... The powerful French Communist trade union CGT has demanded that the French government make up any wage losses resulting from slowdowns or failures in oil-tight industries.

The Daily Worker reports the ADA, the American Civil Liberties Union and the NAACP are out to get 300,000 signatures on an anti-filibuster petition to present to the Senate by the first of the year.... The Subversive Activities Control Board has ruled again that the Communist Party in the United States is Moscow-controlled which means (if that decision is upheld in the courts) that the Party will have to register with the Justice Department and list its membership and financial data.

A recent hearing of the House Committee on Un-American Activities disclosed that five million items of Communist propaganda material enter this country as second or third class mail each year, 50 per cent of it foreign-language material aimed at Iron Curtain refugees.... The Supreme Court has refused to review the case of thirteen New York State teachers who were dismissed for invoking the Fifth Amendment in testimony before the Senate Juidiciary subcommittee in 1952.

Unrest behind the Iron Curtain: The East German government has started to purge its universities and technical schools of "political unreliables."... Soviet papers report trouble at Leningrad University and in Lithuania where student unrest is said "to border on hooliganism."... Warsaw newspapers denied there was any unrest in the Polish coal fields a week after Premier Gomulka himself told of attacks by coal miners on Communist officials.

At the important Michelin tire and rubber works in Turin, Italy, the Communist vote dropped by almost 60 per cent last week and Communists lost control of shop steward committees for the first time since the war.... Paris, with several streets and boulevards named after Stalin, ordered the street signs changed last week. The grounds: streets cannot be named after criminals and the French government has it on Khrushchev's authority that Stalin was a criminal.

Britain suffered another economic setback with the sabotage of oil wells and pipe lines in Kuweit, source of half of Britain's crude oil.... Tea prices in England are up 13 cents a pound in three weeks.... Also suffering as a result of the Suez Canal crisis: India, Indonesia and Ceylon. Seventy per cent of India's imports and 60 per cent of her exports travel the Suez route.

Syria, which blew up three oil pumping stations of the Iraq Petroleum Company during the first days of the Suez crisis, now is short of refined oil, particularly for its farm machinery. Iraq (which lost an oil revenue of $700,000 a day as a result of Syria's action) has refused to ship Syria any refined oil and Lebanon says it will be forced to cut off its shipments to Syria on January 10.

The government's index of wholesale commodity prices has gone up 4.7 points during the year, the sharpest increase since the Korean War. At 116.2 per cent of the 1947-1949 base, the index is within less than half a point of the 1951 record high of 116.5 per cent.... Private housing starts last month tumbled to the lowest November level since 1951.... The United Auto Workers Union estimates it has spent $10 million on the two-year-old Kohler strike, more than the UAW will receive in union dues from Kohler in 250 years.

British bureaucrats are still mulling a demand by eighteen-year-old Priscilla Zahrat for a weekly gasoline ration of fifteen liters. Miss Zahrat claims she needs it to carry on her work as a circus fire-swallower.

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The WEEK

● We choose to write off as inherently improbable the alleged invitation by the President to Marshal Tito, to come to this country to chew over mutually vexatious problems. The rumored invitation was publicized on the front pages on the very same day that Milovan Djilas was sentenced, in Yugoslavia, to three years in prison for criticizing Tito publicly. Just in case the rumor *is* true, we hope the President will demonstrate his disposition to give as well as take by—in return for Tito's advice on how to defend the West against the Soviet Union—offering freely of his advice on how to defend Yugoslavia against future Djilases. Let it never be said that we got more from Tito than we gave. That would be selfish.

● The bright idea of organizing a committee of twenty to guide the fortunes of the Democratic Party appears to have fallen flat. This is due in part to its undisguised motivation: to muscle in on the acknowledged prerogatives of the congressional leaders of the Party, who, in turn, don't quite see why they need all that much advice from men and women responsible for so spectacular a failure in 1956. In part, then, the repudiation of the committee is due merely to commonplace human and organizational factors. But in part, also, it is a repudiation, however gentle, of the ideological motivations of the ADA-Walter Reuther branch of the Party with which, notoriously, Southern leaders are out of sympathy. As we predicted after the election, the important political struggles of the ensuing two years will take place within, not between, the political parties.

● The simultaneous crises in Suez and Hungary have produced one good result, at least: namely, that of making some of the world's obstreperous little Davids mind their manners when dealing with some of the world's Goliaths. A few months ago, tiny Iceland demanded—and damn-near got—the withdrawal of U.S. troops; today she is politely inviting them to stick around. A few months ago, Ceylon voted into power an anti-Western government that was soon talking tough to the British Navy; today it shows a marked preference for the pro-Western party of Sir John Kotelawala, which will seek good relations with Britain.

● As and when it needs to, Mr. Dulles told the NATO Council in Paris, this country will feel free

to defend its interests out over the world without advising or consulting its allies. We welcome the news that our Secretary of State has at last recognized us as an independent and self-governing nation —and indulge the hope that his declaration will be endorsed by the White House and by our delegation to the UN.

● Iraq, anchor of the Baghdad Pact and firmest of the Arab nations in honoring engagements with the West, has become the No. 1 target of the combined Soviet-Egyptian drive to oust the West from the Middle East. Under the spur of Communist-infiltrated Arab fanaticism, Syria sabotaged the pipelines that carry Iraq's oil across Syrian territory toward the Mediterranean, thus depriving Iraq of $700,000 a day in revenue—and Syria herself of essential oil products. Virulent propaganda and wild demonstrations organized in Egypt, Jordan and Syria and also within Iraq denounce Iraqi Premier Nuri al-Said as a traitor to the Arab cause. Premier Nuri, backed by King Feisal, has so far stood firm, but is said to feel that with Britain (Iraq's traditional Western associate) compromised fatally in the Suez debacle, the United States will have to take responsibility for the maintenance of the Baghdad Pact as well as for the flow of Iraqi oil to Western markets.

● About Japan's Premier, Tanzan Ishibashi, we know this. He is for a more "independent Japanese foreign policy"—that it is to be independent of the United States goes without saying. He favors a renegotiation of Japan's treaty with the U.S. that permits us to maintain certain defense forces in Japan. He is on record for greater Japanese-Communist China trade: He favors more welfarism in domestic economics. Of all the leaders of the Liberal-Democratic Party, he is probably the most anti-American. He comes to power as Japan and the Soviet Union resume formal diplomatic relations after an eleven-year hiatus. For that reason it was encouraging to see that one of the first measures taken by Mr. Ishibashi was to strengthen provisions for the internal security of Japan—with special scrutiny ordered for the doings of the new Soviet Embassy.

● Girding its statist loins for a renewal in the 85th Congress of last session's battle over atomic power, the American Public Power Association has called for government construction of an assortment of small and big atom-fueled power plants. As lobby of the publicly owned utilities, the Association is throwing its considerable weight behind a revival of Senator Albert Gore's proposal for a crash program under which government would get a stranglehold on civilian atomic power. Senator Gore's bill was dropped by the 84th Congress after Admiral Lewis Strauss, head of the Atomic Energy Commission, had carefully demonstrated that it was technically, economically and politically fallacious as a solution to the problem of atomic power development in this country. This is one of the many reasons why Admiral Strauss' scalp is a prime target for the tomahawks of all patriotic Leftist braves.

● Through an interview given by Heinrich von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister, on his return from the NATO meeting in Paris, the West German government has for the first time suggested that it might be willing to negotiate with Poland the question of the eastern (Oder-Neisse) frontier. Heretofore Bonn has always taken the position that a reunified Germany must get back 100 per cent of the 40,000 square miles occupied by Poland under the Yalta agreement; just as Warsaw has insisted that the Yalta decision was irrevocable. A friendly German initiative on the boundary question, cautious and tentative at this stage, is a necessary preliminary to any serious move toward a German reunification that would attract rather than repel the peoples of East Europe.

● The Communiqué issued at the close of the Paris meeting of the North Atlantic Council (NATO's governing body) expressed its "revulsion" at "the brutal Soviet suppression of the heroic Hungarian people" and its "conviction" that the Soviets ought to "withdraw their forces from Hungary and to right the wrongs," and then declared: "The peoples of Eastern Europe would have the right to choose their own governments freely, unaffected by external pressure and the use or threat of force." As to the means of enforcing this right, should Moscow decline to grant it at the Council's behest, the Communiqué mentions only "the pressure of world opinion." In the publicized proceedings of the Council, its members explicitly renounced any military assistance from NATO as an auxiliary to world opinion: that is, they told the peoples of Eastern Europe that they would have to go it alone against the Soviet Army.

● The publishing world has not yet recovered from a journalistic explosion that was recorded by delicate seismographs on Sunday morning, December 9. The *New York Herald Tribune,* for the first time since the beginning of the Eisenhower Era, had a word of editorial criticism for the President! Yes, it actually came to pass. The *Herald Tribune* was terribly upset that Mr. Eisenhower was going to submit to Congress the proposal to waive the next interest payment due on Britain's debt to the United States. Who knows where we'd be, the *Herald Tribune* reasoned, if we allowed Congress to meddle in such important questions?

We Should Swoon For Her?

After scanning the newspaper photographs that showed President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Nehru fawning on each other over the White House steps, we found ourselves, not for the first time, plunged into a Hamlet-like soliloquy on the theme: what's India to us, or we to India, that we should swoon for her? Or, to put it a little differently, what's so special about India? For the life of us, we've never been able to discover a convincing answer.

Now NATIONAL REVIEW is all for good, peaceful, and mutually profitable relations with India—and with all nations, even those having governments and habits not very much to our taste, excepting only those gangster-nations that have by the nature of their regimes placed themselves outside the limits of the civilized community. With India as with other nations, the same exception noted, NATIONAL REVIEW favors normal diplomatic recognition and amenities, expanding trade, active tourism in both directions, an increase of each party's knowledge of the other.

India is poor, and we have no objection if private individuals, churches and foundations deem Indians a deserving object of their charitable endeavors. India is underdeveloped, and we would consider it beneficial to both sides if India should provide political and economic conditions suited to attract American capital, productive machinery and technical skills for investment in India's development. To promote such conditions, along with political arrangements favoring the security of both countries, seems to us the appropriate task of American diplomacy.

And why not let it go at that? Why, in surplus, must we scrape our foreheads in the mud every time Nehru delivers one of his gnomic pronouncements on cosmic affairs, and fall over ourselves in our eagerness to shell out hundreds of millions of dollars to keep India's sacred monkeys and cows in the divine idleness to which Hinduism entitles them?

We know it's crass to raise such a point, but we would nonetheless like to ask: What has the United States ever got out of all the money and moral kowtowing it has lavished on India? We see no evidence that the smallest Indian *quid* has ever been returned for the immense American *quo*. So far as we can judge (and there is a sense in which we admire her for this), India has never altered her foreign policy—toward Moscow, Pakistan, Africa, the Arab nations, China, Europe or ourselves—by a degree one way or the other in response to our blandishments. Indeed, easy money from the United States government only makes it unnecessary for India to take domestic measures that would favor private American investment.

What do we want from India anyway? What has she got that calls for such efforts over and above those that should be normal and routine in our international relations? Her strategic position is of secondary importance. Her resources are meager. Her population is impoverished and illiterate, precariously ruled by a thin layer of neurotic intellectuals and half-trained administrators, victimized by a religion that, though attaining a dizzying profundity in the spiritual elite, is ridden with gross and debilitating superstitions at its mass levels. Her anti-imperialist moral pretensions are tinged with hypocrisy not only by her indifference toward Soviet tyranny but by her own imperialism in relation to Ceylon, Burma, Pakistan and East Africa. Through the appetites of her divine cows (half the world's bovine population) and a view of human breeding based on a fanatic fertility cult, she has cancelled out every advance in health, hygiene and food supply that the West has brought her.

The one thing Nehru undoubtedly takes away from his visit to Gettysburg is a promise of a huge new program of American aid. We trust that Congress, examining the record, will refuse to vote such a program unless there is forthcoming a precise and specific explanation of how it will serve U. S. interests.

It is our own conclusion that there is no sound reason for voting a single dollar of government aid to India.

"We have plenty more of them."

They Want to Be Ready

Senator Mike Monroney has made an original contribution to the debate on American policy toward refugees from Hungary by suggesting that three-fourths of the refugees don't want to settle in the United States, preferring to "stay nearer their homes." (See Mr. Alexander's cable, page 11).

Which suits Senator Monroney fine for, he added, "We will certainly be decreasing the chances of any successful revolt in Hungary in the future if we drain off to this country the people who have shown by giving up their homes, the depths of their opposition to the Russian oppression. These," he reminded us, "are the people who are potential resistance fighters and they should be located where they can join the fight if the opportunity arises."

There is no reason to believe that Senator Monroney is rationalizing xenophobic sentiments against lowering our immigration barriers. One hundred and thirty thousand persons have left Hungary in the past five weeks, many of them in order to fight another day. It is contrary to their desires and our interest to integrate them in our society or in any society in which they will be immobilized or distracted from their ambition to free their native land.

As we have said before, we believe that as much of the money already appropriated by Congress for foreign aid as is needed should be reallocated with a view to making it possible for these refugees to settle more or less permanently near Hungary. As involuntary expatriates they will be perpetual symbols of the illegitimacy of the incumbent Hungarian government. We should encourage them, moreover, to form a government in exile, to which we should extend diplomatic recognition.

Why Did They Fold?

The closing of *Collier's* and the *Woman's Home Companion* illustrates the precarious health of publishing in America. That ill health is due to the unwillingness of the reading public to permit the general rise in the cost of living to affect the cost of reading matter. The price of a hamburger or a car or a coat or a toothbrush may go up 300 per cent in fifteen years, but a newspaper, or a magazine, or a book, may only go up 50 per cent. The advertiser is supposed to absorb the difference. *Collier's* was selling for fifteen cents a copy. Back when linotypists were getting one third as much, and paper was one fourth as expensive, *Collier's* sold for two thirds of what it was selling for last week. The disparity between the cost of publishing and the permissible cost of selling was even more exaggerated in the case of the *Woman's Home Companion.*

We shall not pause here to examine the cultural implications of this growing reliance on the advertiser. It is worth remarking, merely, that the reading public has got to awaken, some day soon, to its thralldom to the advertiser, and be prepared, if it feels strongly about a magazine, to absorb the cost of producing it. We were not slaves to the habit of reading either *Collier's* or the *Woman's Home Companion,* so we do not know the measure of the loss felt by their subscribers. But if we *did* love *Collier's,* or the *Woman's Home Companion,* we would be appalled at the revelation that with three million and four million readers, respectively, the magazines were nevertheless not economically viable. If three million people can't keep a magazine afloat, things are awry, and we had better think some about the implications of it. Say we with our 21,000 subscribers!

The Party Poops

The editors of the Cornell *Daily Sun* are dismayed.

Recently Cornell had an anniversary dinner. It was a wonderful affair. A thousand or so people were there. The president of Cornell announced a gift of three million dollars for a new library. Other speakers spoke eloquently of old Ezra Cornell, and his "educational dream," so near to realization up there, far above Cayuga's waters.

Then the whole show was ruined. And ruined, mind you, by no less a pair than the *president* of Cornell, and the *chairman* of the board of trustees! "However unintentional" the statements of the two men (by "unintentional" the editors of the Cornell *Daily Sun* really mean "unthinking" but are too pleasant to say so), "they marred what was otherwise a most productive evening."

Mr. John F. Collyer, in addition to being chairman of the board of trustees of Cornell, is also chairman of the board of the B. F. Goodrich Company. Mr. Collyer remarked the fact that "ten of the nation's hundred largest industrial corporations are directed by Cornellians." Mr. Collyer took some pride in this statistic and—herewith the unintentional *gaffe*—generalized that "the Cornell type of education is insurance against the destruction of our country's dynamic, competitive economy—the key to our productivity and progress."

Then there was the president himself, Dean Malott, who, in "his otherwise excellent speech," unintentionally said, "We have been too slow in American higher education to meet head-on the onslaught of Communism. It is only through education that we can be prepared to meet the subtle erosion, the inexorable penetration by which the doctrines [of Communism] are seeping through the world."

Well: if those two statements aren't an affront on

academic freedom, the editors of the Cornell *Daily Sun* never saw one. Why did they do it? "Perhaps these two sentiments were inserted in the evening's celebrations to placate the minds of the ten Cornellians who direct the multi-million dollar corporations, and the many more who look upon education as a destructive rather than a constructive force in world affairs."

But just in case these statements *were* made intentionally, just in case Mr. Collyer and President Malott really intended to say what they said, the editors of the *Sun* draw the picture for them: ". . . it is hardly wise for Cornell—or any institution of higher education—to go into the business of fighting *for* capitalism or *against* communism. Economic theories are hardly absolute, and it would be dangerous to suppose that a university should attempt permanently to indoctrinate its students in the fleeting values of any one system . . . All of Cornell thanks the barons of big business for their generosity and foresight in making part of their profits available for the progress of education. But no university owes the directors of B. F. Goodrich, Standard Oil of New Jersey or Du Pont blind obedience to the economic conditions which made the gifts possible."

Everything is ephemeral in this breakneck world, all theories, values, everything; and God forbid that Cornell should be caught backing capitalism—or Christianity, for that matter, or monogamy, or democracy, or any other fleeting value, in these days of dynamic change. But then there is little danger of such benightedness, given the eternal vigilance of the editors of the *Daily Sun*.

1986

The extract is from *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* (November issue), from a lead story by Robert A. Heinlein. The protagonist has been asleep for thirty years, wakes up, and begins to adjust himself to the bright new world. . . .

> The job I found was crushing new ground limousines so that they could be shipped back to Pittsburgh as scrap. Cadillacs, Chryslers, Eisenhowers, Lincolns—all sorts of great, big, powerful turbobuggies without a kilometer on their clocks. Drive 'em between the jaws, then crunch! smash! crash!—scrap iron for blast furnaces.
>
> It hurt me at first . . . I expressed my opinion of it and almost lost my job . . . until the shift boss remembered that I was a Sleeper and really didn't understand.
>
> "It's a simple matter of economics, son. These are surplus cars the government has accepted as security against price-support loans. They're two years old now and they can never be sold . . . so the government junks them and sells them back to the steel industry. You can't run a blast furnace just on ore; you have to have scrap iron as well. You ought to know that, even if you are a Sleeper. Matter of fact, with high-grade ore so scarce, there's more and more demand for scrap. The steel industry needs these cars."
>
> "But why build them in the first place, if they can't be sold? It seems wasteful."
>
> "It just *seems* wasteful. You want to throw people out of work? You want to run down the standard of living?"
>
> "Well, why not ship them abroad? It seems to me they could get more for them on the open market abroad than they are worth as scrap."
>
> "What!—and ruin the export market? Besides, if we started dumping cars abroad we'd get everybody sore at us—Japan, France, Germany, Great Asia, everybody. What are you aiming to do? Start a war?" He sighed and went on in a fatherly tone. "You go down to the public library and draw out some books. You don't have any right to opinions on these things until you know something about them."
>
> So I shut up. I didn't tell him that I was spending all my off time at the public library or at UCLA's library; I had avoided admitting that I was, or used to be, an engineer—to claim that I was now an engineer would be too much like walking up to du Pont's and saying, "Sirrah, I am an alchymiste. Hast need of art such as mine?"
>
> I raised the subject just once more, because I noticed that very few of the price-support cars were really ready to run. The workmanship was sloppy and they often lacked essentials like instrument dials or air-conditioners. But when one day I noticed from the way the teeth of the crusher came down on one that it lacked even a power plant I spoke up about it.
>
> The shift boss just stared at me. "Great jumping Jupiter, son, surely you don't expect them to put their best workmanship into cars that are just surplus? These cars had price-support loans against them before they ever came off the assembly line."
>
> That time I shut up and stayed shut. I had better stick to engineering; economics is too deep for me.

NATIONAL REVIEW mourns a gallant and learned man. Mr. Stephen Naft was 78 years old last week when he died. He first made his mark on the world in 1902, at the age of 24, when, an anarchist and syndicalist, he wrote the famous pamphlet, "The General Strike." Mr. Naft came to America in 1913, and during the ensuing forty years he worked diligently and effectively, writing and speaking in behalf of free labor unions, against the Moloch State, against Fascism and Communism. A versatile scholar and brilliant linguist, he endured, in 1953, the ultimate tragedy: he became blind. But his courage did not falter, this due in large part to the fact that he had always at his side a devoted and lovely wife, Mrs. Mabel Wood Naft, of the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Be Resolved to Fight

ANTONIO OLIVEIRA SALAZAR

On December 8, addressing the Portuguese Legion, the Prime Minister of Portugal warned Europeans against fear of life and fear of fighting for it

It was clear to us twenty years ago, when we were confronted with the Spanish civil war, that what was happening in the world was a conflict of civilizations. To be more precise, it was plain that Western principles and values were being attacked by alien philosophies, alien points of view regarding the status of the individual, new standards of spiritual values. In the presence of this conflict, governmental systems, political regimes, political party divisions, social inequalities and the material interests of life became considerations of minor importance.

During this period nations fought for supremacy, man for wealth, governments for power or prestige or their very existence.

But when we were called upon to witness, although from afar and in security, the recent events in Hungary—bitterness carried to the point of scorning life, desperate struggle without hope, readiness to forsake the world, abandonment of homes, dispersion of families, the crushing of fugitives in body and spirit, the deportation of the innocent—then we were brought to feel the pettiness of certain things for which many are fighting and to realize the transcendent worth of other things to which we ourselves are tied, so often unconsciously, by the very roots of our existence!

Why is our national conscience so deeply stirred by these events? It is because we want the independence of our land, the inviolability of our homes. Peace in our work. Security in our life and freedom in our beliefs. All these we want to possess safely—not as promises from false prophets who would put them out of reach in blood and ruins, as we have witnessed—but as we have felt and known them in our own innermost hearts as Portuguese.

We have to entrust the defense of these values, in which all or most of us believe, to the special care of some of us. And it is very comforting to see that from all sides—without distinction of wealth or social status and without any selfish motives—a multitude has come forward to offer its services.

In truth, as we stand today behind the walls of our national fortress, behind the ancient walls of the Portuguese castle—menaced as others are and even more so, as our stand has been firmer—we have to be constantly vigilant for the security of all, even of those who fight against us and betray us, and we must not pause to reckon the greatness of the sacrifice that is required of us.

When I consider the internal and external crises to which our civilization has been subjected, it does not occur to me to doubt the universal value of that civilization. I do not doubt the spiritual and humane inspiration which has enabled it to extend its radiations outward toward the universal brotherhood of souls, races and peoples. However, I note that this civilizing power is diminishing and that faith in its intrinsic superiority has been lost here and there. And I note, too, that we sometimes behave as if these conflicts of civilization are matters that concern only philosophers and learned academies.

Dr. Salazar

What, then, am I afraid of? I will say frankly that I am afraid . . . of fear.

This Europe which was the cradle of nations and the missionary agent of civilization, which we so tirelessly served and propagated, appears to be tired from its very greatness, softened in part by the easy way of life. I think that she suffers too much of poverty and suffering, which after all are life itself. To fear life and to be afraid to fight in defense of life are the major causes of our prostration. We pray to God that they will not also be our destruction—for those who oppose us, even though they show contempt for the lives of others, are at the same time determined to fight for their own. I am convinced that no moral or intellectual superiority whatever will divert or push back the barbarians of our time—as wise in knowledge and technical ability as we ourselves are—and that if we want to survive, we must ourselves be resolved to fight.

These words perhaps may sound harsh to impenitent ideologists, or in some quarters where the exercise of oratory, thundering against barbarism, has convinced only the weakest. But they can be spoken among ourselves who, although small and poor, have the consciousness of a mission to accomplish. Peace is, without doubt, the supreme desire and necessity of social coexistence. But peace has a counterpart, which is the need to be ready to fight for what is essential to our life and to the life of our country when in the presence of aggressive powers who refuse to disarm.

You understand what I mean. I believe in you.

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Repeal of the Constitution?

The New Republicanism is probably not the fruit of Dwight Eisenhower's meditations on political theory, Arthur Larson's broad hints in *A Republican Looks at His Party* to the contrary notwithstanding. More likely it is a series of common denominators that Mr. Larson detected as present in the various aspects of the Eisenhower program when he set out to write an apologia for it. Whatever the ism's genesis, the important thing is that Mr. Larson managed to present the Eisenhower program in propositional form and that the result has been accepted by the controlling faction of the Republican Party as its political credo. It's about time, then, that we take Arthur Larson seriously, and take a careful look at the New Republicanism as the new Republicans look at it, *i.e.*, as a *political philosophy*.

The "underlying philosophy" of the New Republicanism, Mr. Larson tells us, is this: "if a job has to be done to meet the needs of the people, and no one else can do it, then it is a proper function of the federal government."

The first thing to note about this statement is that there is no such word as "can't" in the New Republican vocabulary: what "has to be done" *will* be done—somehow. The American Constitution is full of can'ts, for example the Tenth Amendment's restriction of the federal government's powers to those expressly conferred upon it. The Natural Law is also full of can'ts, which are designed to protect the individual's person and property against all aggressions, those of local and state governments as well as of the federal government. The New Republicanism, however, rejects the theory, if not yet the practice, of limited government and adopts as its very own the first principle of totalitarianism: that the state is competent to do all things and is limited in what it actually does only by the will of those who control the state.

We may recall that Dean Acheson staked out an earlier claim for this view on behalf of the Democratic Party. In *A Democrat Looks at His Party*, Acheson recorded that the party of Roosevelt had emancipated itself from the "written constitution" and had "conceived of the federal government as the whole people organized to do what had to be done.

The second thing to note about the New Republicanism's "underlying philosophy" is the crucial importance of the question, Who decides that a given job *has* to be done to meet the needs of the people?

The New Republicanism has a faultlessly democratic answer: the people themselves. All right; but how do we *find out* what the people conceive to be their needs? Via the people's representatives in Congress? Hardly. That, after all, would end up the New Republicanism endorsing as "good legislation" whatever laws Congress enacts, and the New Republicanism is much too worldly to place that kind of trust in Congress. Via the President, then? He knows what the people want. That's more like it, and in case you are wondering *how* the President knows that the people want x more schools built or a law insuring workers against non-occupational disability, you can go right on wondering because the New Republicanism's answer is that he just knows. (It is certainly not through "mandates" that he knows; even Arthur Larson does not dare venture the claim that mandates for specific measures can be discovered in the returns of a Presidential election.)

The President, then, must divine the popular will—one way or another—and the special genius of President Eisenhower, Mr. Larson is telling us, is that he has done it so successfully. "It is a fairly safe bet," Larson writes, "that nine out of ten Americans agree with nine-tenths of what is said and proposed in the 1955 and 1956 State of the Union Messages." This, in New Republican doctrine, is the ultimate justification of the Eisenhower program—indeed its *raison d'être*: that an overpowering "American Consensus" wants it.

There may be some question, of course, about Mr. Larson's 90 per cent figure—but never mind: it is not essential to the argument, it just makes the argument easier. What the "underlying philosophy" of the New Republicanism comes down to is this: that, ideally speaking, what is right and proper for government to do is determined by a majority—51 per cent will suffice—of the national electorate. Not by the Constitution, not by the merit or lack of it in a given measure, but by how popular the measure is. And that in practice what is right and proper for government to do is determined by the executive branch of the federal government. If the executive branch is honorable and wise, it will be looking for manifestations of the popular will, and will be able to spot a consensus when it occurs; whereupon it will act to carry out its mandate. But if the executive branch either misreads or wilfully ignores the popular will, it will, of course, do something else. At best, then, the underlying philosophy of the New Republicanism gives you sheer majoritarianism—*i.e.*, it identifies right with democratic might. At worst, it gives you unvarnished executive tyranny.

The balance of Mr. Larson's book is about how the New Republicanism guides the Eisenhower Administration in four types of practical relationships—*i.e.*, in its dealings with the states, with business, with labor and, finally (in the form of various kinds of income insurance), with "the people." A close look at one of these relationships will make clearer what we have been saying about the New Republicanism's "underlying philosophy."

The best proof that the Eisenhower Administration has rejected the New Deal, New Republicans will tell you, is that it has recognized that the several states have a useful role in our national life, and has therefore come out for decentralization of political power. And why has it done so? Because that's what the people want. "Let us put it perfectly bluntly," Mr. Larson writes: "the typical American is inherently a states'-righter by inclination and sentiment. State loyalty and pride and sensitivity, and especially a keen sense of being able to

handle state and local affairs without outside interference, are widespread and very real." Therefore the Eisenhower Administration, "in common with the American public," is attempting "to work out an adaptation of our traditional state-federal relation to the needs of today."

Which sounds pretty good unless you are curious about what he means by adapting the *traditional* relation to the *needs of today*. Mr. Larson explains:

> Our traditional state-federal relation, we must never forget, starts with a general presumption in favor of state and individual rights, under the constitutional concept that the powers not granted to the federal government are reserved to the states or to the people.

This, so far, is just preamble. But let us note that Mr. Larson has stolen a march in the mere statement of the relation: the Tenth Amendment, by New Republican lights, is not a rule of law but a "constitutional concept"; so that an absolute prohibition against federal intervention in, say, the educational field is reduced to a "general presumption" in favor of states' rights in that field. Mr. Larson continues:

> As a practical matter [however], there are two main tests that guide the decision on how widely federal activities should range. The first is the question of legitimate national interest in the problem.

Both tests, of course, require someone to apply them. And there is the kicker you will find in the New Republicanism, no matter where you turn. Ideally, the tests are applied and the decision made by the national electorate. In practice, the task falls to the federal government—or more precisely, to the executive branch.

So that as a *practical* matter, you run into a situation where the President and his advisers decide that the states are not able to build the kind of schools that have to be built "to meet the needs of the people." (They may not have the money, or they may have neglected to elect the kind of governor and legislators that are willing to appropriate the money.) And you will find that this is also a situation where the President and his advisers recognize a legitimate national interest in seeing to it that all children get the kind of schools that need to be built. In this case the "general presumption" in favor of states' rights goes by the boards and an Administration demand for increased federal aid to education goes to Congress. It's as easy as that.

Kreuttner

"We feel that it might be amusing to retain certain portions of it. Some of its phraseology has a quaint merit."

Along about this time, however, the New Republicanism's approach to states' rights looks a mite high-handed even to Arthur Larson; an appeal, accordingly, is made to our sense of justice: "Lawyers," he writes, "are familiar with the Hohfeldian concept that for every right there is a corresponding duty. So it is here. When we speak of states' rights, we should never forget to add that there go with those rights the corresponding states' responsibilities." Consequently—so runs an argument that would have done the Sophists proud—if the states fail to do their duty, they have only themselves to blame when the federal government intervenes.

The point, of course, is that the Tenth Amendment recognizes the states' *jurisdiction* in certain areas. "States' rights" means that the states have a right to act *or not to act*, as they see fit, in the areas reserved to them. You may read corresponding duties into these rights, but the duties are owed to the people of the states, not to the federal government. The recourse, therefore, if state governments neglect their duties, lies not with the federal government which is not sovereign but with the people who are and who can change their state governments or amend the Constitution if they don't like what's going on. Such, at any rate, is the constitutional concept with which, presumably, lawyers are also familiar.

It may be that the New Republicanism is sincerely interested in giving the states more to do. But it is also true that the New Republicanism views the states as so many subcontractors who will get the job if the bid is right. Secretary of Labor Mitchell, just a few weeks back, drove home the point on such matters as unemployment compensation and disability insurance: if the states get busy and enact the kind of "up-to-date" legislation President Eisenhower has recommended, that will be just fine; otherwise, the federal government will move in.

So it is in the federal government's relations with business and labor. As with the states, these institutions have a place in the New Republican sun. But as with the states, it is a place occupied on the sufferance of the federal government. And that is what is really wrong with the New Republicanism. Much more dangerous than the substantive content of today's Eisenhower program is the reserve of absolute power that is being stockpiled for the federal government against the needs of the future.

(*Cont'd on p.* 23)

"Hungarians Are Dying First"

An American journalist in Germany finds the Hungarian refugees ready to fight again and emphatic in their insistence that American propaganda incited them to revolt

HOLMES ALEXANDER

Munich, Germany (by cable) There are two main types of refugees pouring out of Hungary and gathered into staging camps like this one some thirty miles from Munich. One type is brave enough to break across the armed border and now wants to get as far away as possible from this war-sick, oppression-ridden continent. The other type knows there is no escape in running away from a world menace and now wants to stay in Europe until the time comes to fight back.

The second type is personified by a tall, narrow-faced Hungarian agronomist of about forty with the family name of Vass. He was doing work on a 552-acre farm until the Communists took it from him and set him to work as a collectivist. The November revolution in Budapest and the provinces provided him with the chance to get his wife and three daughters (aged fifteen down to eight) to safety. He left a twenty-year-old son fighting in the Budapest streets. He hopes and believes that the boy got safely into Austria, but the family has heard nothing. Mr. Vass is looking for a job in West Germany. When general war starts he wants to go back and help his people.

War? There is no doubt in Mr. Vass's mind that war must come. For that reason he thinks the Americans were terribly mistaken when they did not support the Hungarian uprising with full military intervention. He holds no resentment, although he and apparently all other Hungarians flatly declare they were promised aid by Radio Free Europe as well as other American spokesmen. Mr. Vass, and all Hungarians whom I have met, readily understand the reluctance of the United States to start military action which might bring about World War III. But Mr. Vass differs from the U.S. official thinking in believing that war is inescapable. "It has already started in Hungary" he told me through an unofficial interpreter. "We Hungarians are dying first. It would be better if we all died together."

"Always Frightened"

My unofficial interpreter was Mrs. Ladiszlaus Rose, wife of a Hungarian research scientist on heart diseases. Dr. Rose and his wife got over the border on a day that the guards were not shooting. He has already been offered a post by a German research clinic and he intends to stay, although Mrs. Rose would prefer to go much farther west. Mrs. Rose, whose mother was English and father German, was under constant surveillance by the Communist authorities who distrusted her as a foreigner. "We were never free and always frightened," this graying woman told me with a mixed air of grimness and resignation that appears to be the mark of refugee peoples.

But Mrs. Rose, while agreeing with Mr. Vass that Radio Free Europe promised military aid, does not feel that war is either necessary to Hungarian freedom or inevitable. "There must be some other way," she said. "It must be done by diplomacy. Millions would die and nothing would be accomplished any more than in the last war."

But Mr. Vass sees a very compelling reason why the Russian government will never withdraw its forces unless they are driven out. The Kremlin, he says, spent six million Russian lives in World War II to conquer these East European provinces which are considered vital to the Soviet economy and military safety. Many of Stalin's successors in the present Russian government were party to the developments which brought about the satellite empire; and it would be difficult if not impossible for these men to retreat from it.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Vass told me that the fighting son of the family kept on battling throughout the month of November in hopes that American reinforcements would arrive. According to the Vass family, his group and several other combat groups were told to go on fighting by spokesmen who used the German and English but not the Hungarian language. These persons, whom the West German government at Bonn has undertaken to track down, promised on November 5 that American troops would arrive within the next three days. On this grim hoax the freedom fighters carried on.

Radio Free Europe

There is no way for a reporter to arrive at any hard conclusions as to American guilt and responsibility in this Hungarian uprising. To ascertain the truth, and the motives, many witnesses would have to be called and much testimony taken. An investigation of this sort could and should be carried out either by Congress or some court of justice.

Meanwhile there is competent opinion in the West-German press to the effect that Radio Free Europe went further than any agency should have gone without the power to suit action to its words. A highly respected journalist, Rudolf Hezler, Editor-in-Chief of Munich's *Abendzeitung*, has written scathing editorials to this effect. The *Muenchner Merkur* and *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* have cited many facts of the same nature. All available evidence leads to a reasonable belief that the Hungarian people were incited to rebellion by persons who did not, or could not, share their battles.

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Sighting the Target

The first principles of strategy demand that at every step of a contest, the objective be clearly defined, deliberately chosen, and relentlessly—even if indirectly—pursued. What is, or should be, the specific present objective of American and Western policy?

The existing situation seems almost to thrust the objective on us: *to get the Soviet troops out of Central and Eastern Europe.* This, this precisely, is the objective. All else should now be secondary: Suez, Nasser, neutralists, Africa, rearmament or disarmament, trade, oil, underdeveloped nations, and also Titoism and Stalinism and un-Stalinism. These are all important, and one of them may in another context be most important, but if we were led by a serious strategist, they would all be subordinated now to getting the Soviet troops back inside the USSR.

In July, after the Poznan affair, or in October, when riots swept Poland and were building up in Hungary, an ultimatum would probably have won this objective, and without general war. Even now, what with world condemnation of the Soviet actions, an ultimatum could probably succeed without inordinate risk. But the Eisenhower policy excludes it, less because of a serious calculation of risks than because it would violate the liberal-humanitarian abstractions that now preside over the President's mental processes. For his collapse in the face of the Hungarian crisis Mr. Eisenhower's golf clubs may well become the symbolic replacement for Chamberlain's umbrella.

A Helping Hand

Let us, however, ourselves renounce the ultimatum or any comparable move with immediate military implications. The West's liberal-humanitarian abstractions are themselves part of the reality of our time, just as much as geography, manpower and armament potential. Is there any alternate route, not ruled out automatically by the Eisenhower axioms, by which the objective could be reached? There is another, I think, promising enough to be worth trying.

If we cannot, or will not, *push* the Soviet troops out of Eastern Europe, perhaps we can *help* them out.

Although the notion seems odd at first, it is by no means improbable that the Kremlin would *like* to get its troops out, if it could find a workable formula for doing so. Why should we not try to provide that formula?

What jumps to the eye is that the Communist High Command, while claiming the ability to give conscious guidance to the course of history, has lost control of the situation. Internally divided, it does not know what to do next. It is driven to hesitation, improvisation and frequent reversals. It fears that Communism will bleed to death—politically if not physically, and perhaps physically also—in Eastern Europe. Conditions call for the classical Leninist tactic: one step backward in the hope that later on there will be an easier chance to take two steps forward.

But how to get disentangled?

East European Neutralization

The formula may be derived by extending "the Austrian solution"; *the neutralization of Central and Eastern Europe.*

It was through this formula that the Soviet troops (and also the Western troops, of course) withdrew from Austria—with net results, in spite of pessimistic forebodings and harsh Soviet terms, that proved favorable to the West.

Generalized, this formula can be applied quite directly to all of Central and Eastern Europe (Germany along with Austria and the now captive nations). For the entire area: all Soviet troops and all NATO troops to withdraw; armament to be held to a police level.

Under this formula the Kremlin would be able to save political face in making the withdrawal: a very important consideration, for if you are not in a position to annihilate your opponent, you must always leave him a line of retreat.

There would be created, for a time at least, a buffer zone. The Soviet Union (and Western Europe) would not have to face hostile armies right at the border. "The German threat," real or mythical, would be countered not only for the Kremlin but for the entire string of East European nations.

Over the past several months the Kremlin has repeatedly hinted that it might accept a formula of this type. If it were made the persistent Western proposal, the Kremlin might in any case be unable to reject it.

The motives of the Kremlin in withdrawing the troops would not include benevolence toward the West. The troops would leave (temporarily, in its calculation) because Europe had turned out to be too rich for complete digestion at this moment of the revolution. The fight to maintain Communist political control in East Europe and to extend it to Germany would continue. While renewing strength at home, the revolution might try new aggressive thrusts in the softer Afro-Asian parts of the world.

With the Soviet troops gone, there would be no reason for the West to shy away from a competition for Central and Eastern Europe. No matter if Titos and Gomulkas and a whole slew of national-Communists were in power to begin with. Granted modest intelligence on our part and a willingness on Germany's to negotiate the issue of the eastern boundaries while driving rapidly ahead with reunification, the Gomulkas wouldn't last long.

There would be a price to pay, certainly—nothing in politics comes free of charge. The Western bases in Germany, German rearmament, and part of the NATO strategic conception: these at least would have to be given up, and Moscow would ask considerably more than these. But a big price is still reasonable if it buys a chance to reconstitute Europe, and to regain control of the East European key to the Heartland.

Ladies' Month in the Slicks

Want to please a man, snag a man, keep a man? It's easy; read the women's magazines. And you will be: charming, svelte, tactful, informed—and twenty-four years young forever

ALOISE HEATH

A month spent with the Journals which offer the American Woman Companionship in her Home—and this is as long a way to spend a month as I know of—can leave no shred of doubt that the most fortunate, the most blessed of the creatures of the earth are American men. For while American women have security, steam irons, children, mink coats, well-adjusted sex lives, the vote and color television, they also have the American man. American men, on the other hand, have security, the benefit of steam irons, children, the prestige of mink coats, well-adjusted sex lives, the vote, color television and also the American woman. This is the origin of the phrase "all this and heaven too."

No one, of course, will claim that *all* American women live up at *all* times to *all* the standards set by the magazines devoted to them. Some of us, for instance, are not twenty-four. (All of us, though, look ten years younger than our age, since the October 1956 publication of "Look Ten Years Younger Than Your Age"—which caused some pretty peculiar situations among those of us who *are* twenty-four.) Nevertheless, if any skeptical male doubts that the standards of the American woman are unbelievably high, one can only conclude that his wife confines her reading to NATIONAL REVIEW—unless, of course, she just doesn't *care*. In either case, she will almost certainly flunk this month's test in one of the most widely read periodicals: "ASK YOURSELF: Am I Becoming Less Appealing?" Even if she doesn't "Eat too much and become overweight," "Neglect hair, nails, grooming unless going out" or "Delay him when he is due at work," she may not, unless she reads the magazines she's meant to, realize the dangerous lessening of appeal of the woman who "Makes long social telephone calls," "Usually stays up late at night," or "Talks more loudly than her husband." (In certain isolated circumstances, of course, a "Yes" answer to the last question would be justified: chronic laryngitis on the part of the husband, for instance; or the case of a man who might be worried about *his* Becoming Less Appealing, and therefore refused to talk more loudly than his wife at the very same identical moment that his wife refused to talk more loudly than her husband. We can all see where *this* sort of situation would end, I am sure.)

Boosting Male Morale

The American Man, insensitive clod that he is, may glance through this month's slick magazines without seeing the word "husband" or "man" in the table of contents, and assume therefore that these publications are not all about him. The fact of the matter is, he is so accustomed to the complete attention and fulsome praise of his women that one periodical this month had to think up an entirely new angle on "How To Compliment A Man." For instance: " 'What handsome cuff links! Are they part of a collection?' convinces him he's a connoisseur." Also: " 'I'm crazy about your waistcoat. I wish George weren't so timid about anything new' appeals to his pioneer spirit." And: " 'That jacket hangs perfectly, but I suppose that's because of your shoulders,' will do wonders for his morale."

Another morale booster for the American man is the fact that, of thirteen love stories, eleven romantic heroes are described as being "on the stocky side" and that out of a total of 115 different features, thirty-three are devoted to food. (And if he doesn't see the connection, his wife does: not only do we have to stay in love with you when you're fat, we even have to *fall* in love with you when you're fat.)

Articles about food, then, are articles about men, but the true woman's home journal does not countenance food in mere bulk. It must also be simple and delicious. One magazine this month brings the American woman advice from Mrs. John Sherman Cooper, "wife of former ambassador to India." " 'Keep the food simple and delicious,' recommends Mrs. John Sherman Cooper. 'Let everything about your entertaining reflect your own personal tastes and you can't really go very far wrong.' " (Of course, if your own personal tastes are for food that is complicated and nasty, you may possibly attain more success as a hostess by following the own personal tastes of Mrs. John Sherman Cooper.) Food for the American man must also be *interesting*: "For a variation this year, try the ancient custom of baking a mince-pie manger in a pan ordinarily used for loaf cakes. If you are particularly handy with decorating, you could make a sugar or icing replica of the Child to place in the center of the pie." (And the more whimsical families could allow the children to draw straws for the privilege of eating the Child.)

Food must also be sheerly pretty: "For sheer prettiness, make a miniature holly wreath to float on top of your Christmas punch bowl"; and the setting is almost as important: "A Christmas tablecloth is an idea an imaginative family votes for . . . As holiday guests linger over coffee, each is given a soft pencil to autograph the cloth, and the hostess plans to embroider the signatures with her new zigzag sewing attachment." (If

some of the lingering guests don't have zigzag handwritings, there is always the new Palmer method sewing attachment—though this is not as decorative, to be sure.)

Most gratifying of all, our magazines realize that the American woman is *intelligent* about food. Her husband, who probably takes for granted simple deliciousness and sheer prettiness, will glow with pride when he hears his little wife casually mention to the President of the First National Bank the fact that the tradition of a holiday punch bowl began "at least 1,000 years ago in medieval England. The accompanying greeting, 'waes hael,' meaning 'be well,' established the name for the beverage, and probably was the forerunner of our greeting, 'Merry Christmas.'" (On second thought, she'd better keep that one for her second-grader. "Waes hael" probably being the forerunner of our greeting "Merry Christmas" is pretty much of a cliché, after all.)

Imaginative Gifts

Since we're on the subject of Christmas, it might be well to mention the fact that if anyone in God's country finds the same tired old ties, stockings and blocks under the tree this year, it can only be because the donor has been lax in her reading this month. The woman who has done her homework will give "GIFTS YOU CAN'T BUY IN A STORE." To the "Tired Businessman" she will give "a paid-up course at a gymnasium for fitness exercises" (recommended for any male staff member of any national review you can think of). To the "Harried Housewife" will go "a paid-up course at a charm school or reducing-exercise salon; or a course of paid-up massages or facials; or a paid-for new permanent wave." (This gift had better be limited to harried housewives you know very well indeed.) To a "Young Family" there is almost no limit to the things the imaginative woman can give. For instance: "A storage wall in their house —these require 2 feet of space in a room." (It is especially thoughtful to include a new house large enough to contain new rooms large enough to contain new storage walls.) Or the Young Family could be given "a portrait of the children—it can be painted from a photograph by a good artist." (This brings up a good general rule: *never* have a portrait painted by a bad artist.) "A set of humorous laundry bags." (Humorous laundry bags are laundry bags with humor.)

Other recommended gifts are certain records which have very recently been issued. One is the "Sounds of Nature," of which, the magazine says, "some are more continually exciting than others — the more familiar sounds, such as thunderstorms, or the cackling of a hen." Another record

is called "The Sounds of Medicine" and it is "by all odds, the most exciting of the series," even more so, I guess, than thunderstorms and hens. One side records an operation for the removal of a cyst from the neck of a twenty-month-old baby. "The other side, nearly as interesting, presents sounds of various body organs—anything from heart and lungs to an empty stomach—along with a narration identifying the sounds." The magazine adds: "And surely, they're *the* perfect gift for the man who has everything." (Better make sure, first, that he *does* have everything.)

Many an American man reading this far will snort in his unpleasant way: "Ha! Charm, cooking, buying presents! Pretty soft, if you ask me!" Well, in the first place, who asked him? Certainly not I—I'm not even speaking to him. But if I *were*, I should have to point out that the American woman is not only the ministering angel of the male, she is also the guardian angel of his offspring—an indubitably tiresome section of humanity whose main characteristic is the inheritance of all the trying qualities of its paternal progenitors. First of all, the American woman has *lots* of children—or if she hasn't now, she will, beginning in September 1957, for she has just learned that "large families are the happiest, a six-year-old University of Pennsylvania study indicates. Living in a large family emphasizes the importance of the group rather than the individual; conformity is valued above self-expression." (And what real American woman wants to bring up an individualistic creep?) She is also about to eliminate thumb-sucking in the American child, since she read this month that "a simple way to stop children from sucking their thumbs is suggested by Dr. Clifford L. Whitman of Columbia University to the American Association of Orthodontists. If a child is taught to whistle, he will have to take his thumb out of his mouth." (Some cynics may point out that if he won't take his thumb out of his mouth, he can't be taught to whistle; this is the kind of criticism known as "niggling.")

The American woman has also read "Look Mom, I'm Dancing" and is about to teach her toddlers grace and rhythm. She will hold dancing classes for pre-schoolers at which "The singing of nursery rhymes with gestures can top off the session. Their gestures won't be refined, but who cares? *Think* what fun they will have falling down like Humpty Dumpty!" (She might also think, right now, what to do about the little boy who will, during the fall-down-like-Humpty-Dumpty business, point to the shyest little girl in the class and state in carrying tones: "I see Paris, I see France, I see Katie's underpants.")

And with what *spirit* is the American woman imbuing her children this month? Well, with the Christmas spirit, that's what spirit. In the first place—"We Think the Most Amusing, Most Sentimental Presents are the Ones You Make Yourself"—she and the children are making the most amusing, most sentimental presents you can possibly imagine out of the ordinary, everyday things we all have lying around the house: one hundred and two popsicle sticks, for instance, or eighty-nine empty spools; all those old guitar strings and the drawerful of scarlet ostrich feathers. She is also acquainting her child with the real meaning of Christmas—"Your Child and the REAL MEANING OF CHRISTMAS"—by telling them (in a

Jewish family) all about the Nativity and (in a Christian family) all about Hanukkah. And if the family is neither Jewish nor Christian? "You may thoughtfully and sincerely have decided that church is not for you. In that case it can hardly have real meaning for your children."

How-true-how-true. If her children seem disinclined to extend Christmas "good will" to Russia, the American mother can bring an "informed understanding" of the "Communist point of view." For instance: "Are there certain hopes that we truly share with them? A peaceful world, a better day for the poor and oppressed—these are the expressed purposes of Communism." And of Christ, of course.

New Intellectual Horizons

Do women's magazines encourage their readers to think, though: to probe, to analyze, to venture toward ever new intellectual horizons? They most certainly *do!* This very month there is an article called "Can We Make It Safe to be Free?" The author concludes that there is no freedom without freedom from security programs; which may not be exactly new, of course, but it's pretty darn probing. He also says that Martin Dies was *worse* than Joe McCarthy. Now there's a brand-new intellectual horizon for you. The more conservative woman may reject any suggestion that there is someone worse than Senator McCarthy—but, at least, she has been made to *think*.

Eleanor Roosevelt's question and answer column is another thought-provoker. Just one of her answers this month demands far more intellectual analysis than I am afraid many of us have the time for so near to Christmas. "QUESTION: I know Adlai Stevenson and other important people have belonged to the Unitarian Church, but to me a Christian religion that does not admit the divinity of Christ just isn't a religion. ANSWER: My husband's mother was brought up a Unitarian and later became an Episcopalian, but there never was any question that she was a good Christian. The Trinity is not essential evidently to leading a Christian life, nor does it seem to detract from the reverence in which Christ is held."

How does the American woman accomplish all she does and still remain so young, beautiful, graceful, glowing and serene, the American woman wonders? By following instructions, that's how. Is she "TIRED AND TENSE?" Or are you, by the way? "Rest and relax wherever and whenever you can. In the bus, close your eyes and slowly open them several times. In the rest room kick off your shoes, pull out your stockings and wiggle your toes. Sitting at the counter put your hands in your lap on your purse, let your head and shoulders slump forward, then slowly pull your ribs away from your waist, straighten up with head erect." There are not nearly so many epileptics sitting around at counters as some people suppose. Most of them are perfectly normal American women resting and relaxing wherever and whenever they can.

When I get *real* rested and relaxed, I'm going to make another stab at something I just can't seem to get the hang of. In one of the stories this month there was a *very* moving love scene in the course of which a woman stood "with her hands clasped on Loren's neck, her red hair pressed against his chin, her lips ardently uplifted." The trouble is, when *I* clasp *my* hands on my husband's neck, press my interestingly graying hair against his chin and ardently uplift *my* lips, all *I* get is a mouthful of Adam's apple. Don't worry, though. I'll figure it out yet. That's the American woman in me.

The Emperor's New, New Clothes

PETER OBOE

Once upon a time there were three tailors—Nicolai, Nikita and Georgi. They were the sons of the master tailor Iosif.

For some time after the death of Iosif the three tailors had been engaged in an attempt to enlarge the tailoring practice left them by their father. And they enjoyed considerable success.

It came to pass, in the thirty-eighth year after the establishment of the tailoring shop of Iosif's father in a little side street in the distant city of Petersburg, that there was a great Emperor in the rich land of the setting sun. The Emperor appeared to be standing in need of tailoring.

Indeed, their father Iosif had sold a magnificent suit to the Emperor's grandfather. The Emperor's grandfather, Franklin by name, had worn his suit proudly. It is true, nevertheless, that there were some in the rich land of the west who were not pleased with the suit.

But now the Emperor Dwight, for such was his name, betook himself to the sample rooms of Nicolai, Nikita and Georgi. Emperor Dwight was overwhelmed with the three charming tailors. His knights were overwhelmed. The visit to the sample rooms ended with the Emperor buying a suit of the most expensive type. The model purchased was called the *"dukh Zhenevy"* (Spirit of Geneva). It was a most cheerful model and it looked best in the sunshine.

One day the Emperor Dwight was displaying his suit. A little child remarked (in Hungarian, for he spoke no other language), "Why! Mother, he doesn't have any clothes on!"

Now, the Emperor Dwight would not agree with the child. He was, nonetheless, somewhat startled by the suggestion, but the Emperor's people assured him that the suit was of a most acceptable cut.

In their own shop, the three tailors saw the chagrin of the rich Emperor. They suggested that he return to the sample rooms in order to be fitted for a new suit. They assured the Good Emperor Dwight that the new suit would be a newer model and that it would conform in every detail to his desires.

Emperor Dwight was urged by his knights Harold and Sherman and even by the famous style expert, Jawaharlal, to get a new suit. They urged this even though they proclaimed that the Hungarian child had obviously been mistaken.

The three tailors were, after all, charming fellows; and reports that they had strangled the child were, even if true, matters not concerned with tailoring.

(To be continued indefinitely.)

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Was America Responsible?

Tito has emerged as a prime factor in the Hungarian struggle. The fall of Gero and the return of Imre Nagy and Janos Kadar to power were completely in accordance with Tito's plans. Less expected, of course, was Nagy's protest to the United Nations, the transition of the revolt from anti-Stalinism to anti-Communism and, finally, the Soviet military intervention.

Yet there still exists a certain, though limited, understanding between Tito and Moscow. When Kadar, a Titoist, broke away from Nagy and volunteered to form a government viewed favorably by Moscow, he actually continued Nagy's game (while Nagy himself took refuge in the Yugoslav Embassy). Whatever the circumstances, the fact remains that a) Moscow does not yet dare reintroduce in Hungary the old Stalinist set (Rakosi-Gero) and that b) Kadar, though "collaborating" with Moscow, retains Tito's confidence. At the moment Kadar is indeed Tito's official appointee, and yet, he is accepted by the Russians. They are willing to let Tito in on Hungary. Still, they are leaving an army in that country, an army designed to exercise pressure on Tito. And while Kadar is on the fence in Budapest, the Belgrade *Borba* and the Moscow *Pravda* are slinging mud at each other. All this may get serious overnight, or it may end in a love-feast between Yugoslavia and Soviet Russia. To get anything analogous in the Western World the reader must think about an uneasy truce with some gunning in classic Gangland.

In the meantime, the Hungarians suffer grievously. Thousands of them are being deported to Siberia and Arctic Russia; others are scheduled for Americanization; others for jail, execution and starvation. Theirs will be widely differing fates, with totally different intentions, but the net result will always be the same: the fiber of the nation will be weakened through the elimination of the toughest, most courageous and most intelligent elements. And in this connection we have again to raise the question whether the Hungarian people were led to expect American help—whether or not the Hungarians were positively encouraged to resort to arms.

Being a steady listener to American and American-sponsored radio stations in Central Europe, I have informed opinions on the subject. It is true that a direct appeal to revolt has never been made, and that no formal promise of military assistance ever came across the ether. Yet the language of innumerable declarations, messages and interviews was such that Hungary's man-in-the-street (who listened more eagerly and expectantly than I did) was thoroughly misled. He reasoned that the messages reaching him over the air were subject to certain diplomatic restraints, and that the optimistic and aggressive pep talks were actually meant as promises of support—once the Hungarian people took the bold initiative. And, of course, he was certain that America, obviously repenting the sell-out of 1944-1948, simply could not let Hungary down a second time. "They would lose too much of their moral prestige," the hapless listener argued.

What We Should Have Said

The line America *ought* to have taken was one of absolute frankness. One does not beat around the bush, one does not play on misunderstandings, if this can result in mass-murder. The language used in U.S. radio talks should have been something like this:

"Of course, we all realize that another U.S. Administration delivered you into slavery. In the meantime, we have painfully learned our lesson. Yet although we do realize that we have a moral obligation toward you, every government's primary duty concerns its own nation. To start an atomic war is a policy which not even you, the victims of our errors and sins, can suggest. In fact, you have no certainty that such a conflagration might not result in your own physical destruction. We constantly have in mind your liberation; but we will wait for a favorable juncture in the political picture—and then we will act without fail. The nature of our common enemy is such that he will commit acts bordering on suicide. Since we will have to bear the main burden of the struggle, you must leave it to us to pick the right moment. We realize how hard it must be for you to remain patient. We are sorry that we have to implore you for more patience, but it would be irresponsible to betray your trust."

The Continental Mind

Such language was never used. Much of the American propaganda was designed to keep the "spirit of resistance" awake, but the fear that the growing generation would be hopelessly indoctrinated was superfluous: we South, Central and East Europeans are not easily influenced by our schools—we always consider them as our Enemy Number One. *All* instruments of discipline are disliked here. Except in rare hysterical frenzies, the true Continental mind has always been sarcastic, skeptical and ironical. For instance, the Italians threw off their black shirts in 1943 almost overnight, and this after twenty-one years of incessant totalitarian propaganda. "Indoctrination" in our part of the world usually generates reactions and rebellions. Radical dissent is the keynote of most of Europe; hence the failure of democracy and tyranny alike. Both need consent and basic conformity, though obviously in a very different way and context.

If the U.S. radio propaganda in Europe was clumsy for no other reason, it was at least irresponsibly unsophisticated. It will be very difficult to convince the Hungarian people (and not the Hungarians alone) that they have not been downright betrayed by the U.S. It will be almost impossible to make them ever again respect a propaganda effort that is so thoughtless and so ill-informed as the U.S. radio establishment was in Europe in the crucial weeks of 1956.

The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

With Wisdom and With Courage

If you throw a rock into a bunch of dogs the one that yelps—or so runs an old American saying—is pretty generally the one that got hit. Naturally enough, therefore, the first open protest against the idea that there *is* a Liberal line on international and domestic affairs comes from the Liberal propaganda machine's senile and seedy *Nation*, which—because it seldom conceals the statist-socialist-soft-on-Communism emphases in the Liberal position—is the most Liberal-lining publication of them all.

"For some time now," writes the *Nation*, taking rather less time than usual to clear its editorial throat, "spokesmen for 'the radical right' and the 'new conservatism' have been amusing themselves with much talk about 'the Liberal line.' . . . Such talk, it continues, implies—implies, mind you—"that American liberals are mostly disguised authoritarians who slavishly adhere to a 'line'—[this columnist, of course, has never said "slavishly," but like the Liberals he is always open to new ideas] propounded for them by a small group of pundits, theologians and former 'high officials' of the State Department."

But that, surprisingly, is as far as the protest goes: instead of settling down and proving that the Liberals have *not*—"for some time now"—been adhering to a line, the *Nation* seems almost to concede the point as far as the past is concerned, and contents itself with insisting that as of right now, anyhow, there is no line to adhere to. "We have reached, for the time being at least, the end of the 'lines.'" The present moment, in a word, is something new under the sun—as indeed it would be were there no Liberal line—and the proof is this: "Yesterday's 'peacemongers' have become 'warmongers,' 'anti-colonialists' and 'anti-imperialists' have become champions of the British Foreign Office, neutrals have emerged as interventionists, and strong advocates of collective security are being tagged"—imagine!—as 'appeasers.'"

And this is why: We have been going through the "first phases of our adjustment to a new situation"; these, naturally enough, have been accompanied by "disarray and confusion"—one manifestation of which is, curiously, that "for the first time in a decade it has become almost impossible to smear the critics of 'official' policy as neo-Communists or fellow-travellers."

Now: Any way you look at it, this is a fascinating passage; nor will we have any foolishness about its being wrong just because it appeared in the *Nation*, or attempt to make much, fun though it would be, out of certain surprising twists in the phraseology. The main point is: the *Nation* thinks that the Hungary-Suez crisis has caused a lot of people to abandon long-standing commitments, and climb into political beds lately occupied by old enemies—a statement which merits our careful attention because, if correct, it describes an interesting development in American politics.

The Interventionist "Nation"

Let us, then, pay the *Nation* the courtesy of testing it a little against the facts. Specifically, let us see to what extent the *Nation* itself—the peace-mongering, anti-imperialist, pro-collective-security *Nation* — has revealed itself in recent weeks as "war-mongering," apologetic for the British Foreign Office, and not neutralist but interventionist.

—Nov. 24: "By and large, the Administration has acted wisely in meeting [this] grave crisis . . . the President has acted in a manner that commands respect—with discretion, with wisdom and with courage . . . He took the issue direct to the UN . . . Had the President placed a blind loyalty to Britain and France above our commitments to the UN, he would have identified American policy with the colonial position . . . At long last American policy-makers see that . . . American power can be applied most wisely and effectively through the UN . . . The UN's performance in this crisis justifies most people's faith in it. It has taken unprecedented action with striking speed—for a large legislative [!] body . . ." As for Hungary, "Russia's repression [there] has cost her a major defeat . . . The Hungarian people deserve, and have won, the world's sympathy. But the President is quite right in saying that 'we should get this Egyptian thing out of the way.' This is not quite the time to bring up a thing as broad [by contrast, one supposes, with that pleasantly narrow little Suez problem] as the Hungarian issue. . . In any case, the UN remains the best hope of peace and freedom . . . [and of relieving] intolerable social pressures of the kind that have produced these explosions."

—Dec. 1: "For what the criticism [of the Administration's policy] boils down to is this: if the Russians bypass the UN and Washington does not, the Kremlin can exploit U.S. adherence to the Charter as a shield . . . for its own power gambits . . . But the alternative . . . is not the unilateral application of force . . . [this being] ruled out, since neither of the two great powers dares to challenge the other directly . . . If American power is to be used to back any mandate, that mandate must be UN-sanctioned."

Evidently, then, the Liberal line is still there, unchanged. It continues to insist: America's first obligation is not, as old-fashioned folk suppose, to its own interests, but to the UN; American policy, therefore, should support whatever the UN decides. All the recent Liberal tributes to Hungary's freedom-fighters, all the fulminations about Soviet duplicity and ruthlessness, all the insistence that events had somehow concealed, all the hints that the line was about to move to a new "tough" position on World Communism, have been, for all practical purposes, sheer rhetoric. As we shall see further next week, by examining the *Reporter* and the *New Republic*.

Notes from Mexico

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

One has almost to be a sleuth, these days, to find in Mexico City architectural remnants of her civilized past. One has the impression that the entire city is engaged in the effort to obliterate every trace of the four hundred years that preceded the fall of Porfirio Diaz in 1910. The ancient Zócalo, the heart of Mexico, the great square bordered by the oldest cathedral in the hemisphere—erected on the bloody stone where the high priest wrested still-pulsating hearts from thousands upon thousands of wretched Indians consigned to the propitiation of Aztec gods—by the presidential palace and other administrative buildings, and by an old department store; the Zócalo is there still. There it will remain, an architectural oasis in a hopped-up city of experimental building, where anything goes, from surrealist-modern to pagan-primitive, all but the simple elegance of the Spanish baroque.

Mexico is a nation ashamed. The people are ashamed of the ease with which Cortés disposed of the great armies of Tenochtitlán. They are ashamed of the subjugation of their nation over the years by foreign powers. They are ashamed of their total dependence on the Colossus of the North. They are ashamed of their poverty, illiteracy, dirt: of the backwardness of the nation. The elite deplore all this and more besides. They are ashamed of the atavistic fervor with which the masses cling to their religion; of the contrast upon crossing the Rio Grande; of the color of their skin.

They are, moreover, just a little bit ashamed of the phoniness of their democracy. After a generation of revolutions, the *Partido Revolucionario Institucional* came into power under Calles. That was thirty years ago. Every six years there is an election. And every six years the PRI returns to power. Triumphantly. All the motions of a genuine electoral contest are gone through. Everyone registers and everyone votes, under pain of fine. Opposition parties, moreover, rack up sizable blocks of votes. But always—always—PRI wins. The incumbent, Don Ruiz Cortines, an aristocratic septuagenarian who irradiates austerity and moral purpose, is in comforting contrast to his predecessor, the sybaritic Miguel Aleman, a slick operator who cashed in on the presidency to the tune of tens of millions. There will be another election next year. The usual pattern will be followed. Some months before the election The People will all of a sudden realize who it is they have wanted all along as sucessor to Don Ruiz. (One term only per president.) The dailies will burst forth with full-page ads signed and paid for by the labor unions, proclaiming the charisma of Señor X. (The odds are on Uruchurtu of the Federal District, or Flores Muñoz of Veracruz.) The name of X will be engraved on billboards, bullfight arenas, Coca Cola placards, volcanoes, and tamales. The PRI nominating convention will meet, and cede to the demands of the people; a campaign will follow and Señor X will be swept in as the next leader of the Republic.

This time the rumblings are more serious than usual. The Right Wing party, Acción Nacional, sponsors a large neon sign right on the main drag, if you please, laying it on the line: *Exijamos El Sufragio Efectivo—Basta de la Democracia Dirigida.* Demand Effective Suffrage: Down with Directed Democracy. Such impudence has been seen before. But it seems more strident and, the word is, the leaders are worried.

Whenever the leaders of Mexico are worried, it means inflation. Skilfully timed inflation, of the kind that leaves the people temporarily better off—until election day. It means, practically speaking, great public works projects, subventions of various kinds to the large economic groups, lavish importations of American goods. The squandering, in short, of the current 450 million dollar surplus. After election day, the deluge, *i.e.*, devaluation of the peso.

Some serious people aren't so sure it will work again, but no one knows what is the alternative. Not Communism, surely. Vicente Lombardo Toledano, the Communist boss, is weaker than ever, and so is his party. Number One fellow traveler Diego Rivera is written off as more a political crank than anything else, and last week, celebrating his seventieth birthday, not a soul was so indiscreet as to mention his record as First Apologist of Communism in Mexico. The army is well paid and thoroughly domesticated, and it is unlikely that it will swing to any other party. General Cárdenas, the old dragon who expropriated the oil fields while he was president and still eats Americans for breakfast, continues to be popular. He roars a lot, up on his hacienda in the North. But it is talk, for the most part, and lacks the quality of revolutionary seriousness. So what will happen? PRI will make it again, is the consensus; there will be more inflation, more bureaucratization of life, more, more of the same.

Meanwhile, those who can afford it can still go to a bullfight, and see the triumph of an Ordoñez or a Litri or a Capetillo and feel for a few moments a communion with ethnic glory and high valor. Or spend a night in the unchanged and, by law, unchangeable, Taxco, breathing seven thousand feet up from the verandas of the unique Victoria Hotel, the cleanest air in the world. Or a day or two in Acapulco, fishing, and sunning—and warding off the prehensile hotel keepers and restaurateurs (at La Perla Night Club, two hundred feet above the beautiful Quebrada, the wine steward in all seriousness will suggest you buy a bottle of Santo Tomás wine, which sells downtown for forty cents, for five dollars). Or any amount of time in lovely, green San Angel, the northernmost suburb of Mexico City, in a private house, if you are lucky enough (as I happen to be) to find someone who will put up with you whenever you get the call to head south.

Mexico can make a man awfully mad, for they have developed the victimization of tourists into a high art, and when it's an American, lancing him is a patriotic duty besides. But most of the people are unpretentious and charming—gay, humorous, intelligent. And there is much beauty in Mexico.

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Sad Thoughts on a Happy Birthday

Pollyanna, the other day, had a ball. Her date was General David Sarnoff, and the occasion was NBC's thirtieth anniversary. Pollyanna had never had so much fun. She trilled, in sheer *bel canto,* even such bits of the multiplication table as this: "Today more people are watching more television over more stations more hours every day in the week than ever before."

Pollyanna, at this particular moment, was the *Herald Tribune's* TV editor, Miss Marie Torre; and cynics might say that her giddy enthusiasm was altogether understandable, what with the *Herald Tribune* raking in more special advertising revenue apropos the NBC jubilee in one day than an honest but poor journal can expect in the general course of a year. But there is an interdiction against cynics on this page. And the horrible truth is that the *Herald Tribune's* TV editor would feel exuberantly happy in the NBC world even if the paper, completely starved of TV advertising, couldn't pay her salary. Cynicism is, among other things, unrealistic. Alas, the real trouble with the world is that most of its fools are *gratuitous* fools.

Take what the *Herald Tribune's* Music Editor, Mr. Jay S. Harrison, had to contribute to Pollyanna's feast. "It is hard to believe that music made its own way before the advent of radio," wrote Mr. Harrison (though it is hard to believe), "for this invention has done more to circulate the importance of music than any other single discovery in the history of the art." The well-tempered clavichord, for instance? Cultural criticism, in unmitigated truth, has been entrusted in the metropolitan press to bookkeepers whose scales of values can only measure quantities. This is how the exuberant Mr. Harrison clinches his case:

> Through radio, in one day, more people have been able to hear Beethoven's Fifth than have heard it in concert halls since its world premiere in 1807. . . .

One is here, rather incredibly, supposed to draw the conclusion that the number of people exposed to the sounds of a symphony is, not just a relevant, but the *most* relevant fact in the cultural framework of that symphony. Rather incredibly, I say, because not even old Bentham himself would have dared carry his greatest-number-of-people cliché to such an insane length—certainly not without a reasonable attempt at rationalization. But the cultural halfbacks of our metropolitan press just keep kicking the ball—and to hell with such sophistications as reason and value.

The truth is, of course, that the musical culture of the nation was incomparably higher when only a few thousand had heard Beethoven's Fifth but, on the other hand, only a few thousand potential sensitivities had been ruined by the Hit Parade type of sewage either. I shall not engage here in a discussion of the secure conservative tenet that art in general, and music in particular, thrives on the person and atrophies in the crowd. (I.e., that a historical phase in which five hundred people truly comprehend Mozart is culturally superior to one in which fifty million people respond to Elvis Presley and, therefore, are reliably lost for Mozart.) I shall here confine myself to annotating the record: I wish the record to show that, in the Lord's year 1956, there was in our land at least *some* anguished protest against the quantitative obtuseness of the Establishment.

Assault on Sensitivities

The reason for focusing on music in this report on Pollyanna's feast, is the gladly granted fact that radio (and TV) have attacked our musical heritage less criminally than most any other part of our cultural organism. For music is so clearly an aristocratic art, and so unmistakably reserved for the few, that it perhaps does not really matter what is done to the ears and the minds of the many. The few thousand sensitive people who, in each generation, have preserved the musical continuity of the race, will most likely survive another thirty years of NBC, if only by turning off the faucets of mindless dissipation. And Beethoven's Fifth will remain what it is even after it's been played "in one day" to more people than were able, and prepared, to hear it "since its world premiere in 1807." But, unless one works for the *Herald Tribune,* one cannot be so serene in regard to most other cultural growth which is under the massive assault of radio and TV.

To establish the magnitude of that assault, one notes with trembling the statistical figures produced for NBC's anniversary. Network billings to advertisers (and *local* radio and TV stations are of course doing their own business in addition to network productions) were, last year, 125 million dollars for radio and more than a billion for TV. (This includes "time" as well as "talent.") Which means, in what is known as hard cash, that more than four million dollars are spent every day of the year to shape the minds and the imagery of the nation after the minds and the imagery of a few hundred advertisers. The nation, on the other hand, has at this moment invested far more than ten billion dollars in 127 million radio and about 40 million TV sets. Assuming a very modest depreciation rate, one must therefore conclude that, between advertisers and their targets, the nation pays more than three billion dollars a year for the joys and vices of the magic box.

True, this is less than the nation's expenditures for liquor, but I wouldn't be too optimistic because of such a reassuring juxtaposition. If one-half of the gross national income were spent on alcohol, the resulting *delirium tremens* would be less paralyzing than the TV stupor that has gripped the soul and the conscience of the people. What can be done with three billion dollars a year, or almost ten million dollars a day, in debasing man to an altogether common denominator is still only vaguely descernible. But it is discernible enough to warrant celebrating NBC's thirtieth anniversary with one minute of silent mourning on all the radio and TV sets of this greatly punished nation.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The New Creed

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

William H. Whyte Jr.'s *The Organization Man* (Simon and Schuster, $5) is the story of a society that has outsmarted itself. Or, more specifically, it is the story of a people that got more than it bargained for.

Mr. Whyte's thesis is simple: Americans, in abandoning their classic individualism (the "Protestant ethic" as Mr. Whyte calls it) in favor of "adjusting" to the demands of big organization (or following the "social ethic"), are letting themselves in for far worse neuroses than the ones they have left behind. Instead of being ravaged by "social Darwinism," with the devil taking the hindmost, we are being drowned in benevolence. Self-assertion is out, individual excellence is out, and even elementary privacy is not to be had. We are all our brothers' keepers, and, boy, do they get in our hair!

If all this is true—and it must be said that Mr. Whyte elaborately documents his case out of prolonged familiarity with the people who work for big organizations—then we are in a bad way. Fortunately it is not as true as Mr. Whyte supposes; if it were, Mr. Whyte would have been fired long ago by *Fortune* Magazine, that leading exemplar of "group journalism" which permits Mr. White to be as individualist as he pleases. Nevertheless, it is undoubtedly true enough.

The irony of it all is that it happened somewhat by accident: nobody set out to force the individual to try to mesh his whole life with that of the big corporation, or the big government bureau, or the university research department which is busy imitating the research establishments of big industry. Indeed, the original "adjustment" was on the part of the big corporation, which, a generation ago, began to capitulate to the egos of the people it employed.

This is the point which Mr. Whyte overlooks in his haste to blame the life of "adjustment" on the organizations themselves. In the bad old days the big corporation really asked for "adjustment"—it demanded a twelve-hour day, a six-day week, and, like as not, its workers lived in a "company town." When it thought in terms of "scientific management," it studied men's motions, not their emotions. The early philosophers of the assembly line sought to give men single repetitive tasks which, to the instinctive craftsman, must have been infinitely frustrating.

Then along came Professor Elton Mayo of Harvard, whom Mr. Whyte casts as an unwitting villain. But Mayo didn't want to "adjust" the workers to business, he wanted to do it the other way round. He wanted to give the worker a feeling of significance. When he proved that the "scientific" compulsion of the Taylor time-motion study systems actually made for boredom and inefficient production, the corporations, though supposedly "soulless," went for the Mayo ideas in a big way.

True, the corporation preached the virtues of "Belonging"; they gave Mayo a "die for dear old Siwash" twist. But the "adjustment" was originally all on their side. They cultivated politeness, they varied the workers' tasks, they endeavored to establish the camaraderie of the picnic group, they piped in soft music, they gave in to union demands and cut the weekly hours from fifty to forty and even to thirty-five. Fringe benefits bloomed like daisies in the springtime, free medicine was supplied, and the vacations grew longer and longer.

In all this there was no strong-arm demand that the individual submerge his ego and deliver his off-hours psyche over to big industry. The worker, who had management where the hair is short, could have gone on being himself. Those were the days when foreign correspondent Edwin L. James, who later rose to be managing editor of the *New York Times*, could say to his employer, the late Adolf Ochs, "Mr. Ochs, we're even every pay day."

How, then, did the serpent enter Eden? Mr. Whyte is not too specific on this point, for he is dealing with a pervasive atmosphere, not a willed intention. What happened is that a score of trickles came together to make a rivulet, then a roaring river. The Deweyites had been preaching "life adjustment" in the schools, the public relations men had been speaking of "social engineering" and the "engineering of consensus," the psychiatrists had been telling their patients that maturity and conformity have much in common. Taking their cues from the social atmosphere, the professionals of good works in industry—i.e., the personnel people—began telling the employees that "adjustment" was an end in itself, not merely a means, and only one means at that, to a bigger pay check. And the worker, forgetting that his sole obligation to the business organization (church, country and family are different matters) is to do an honest job, or to be "even every pay day," responded to the capitulations of top management by accepting the "life adjustment" creed of the new professional shamans. He began to live for the organization as well as to work for it.

So, as Mr. Whyte correctly observes, everybody is now busy as hell "adjusting" to everybody else. Nobody is being himself. Nor can the collapse be blamed on the Senator from Wisconsin, for long before Joe McCarthy was anybody but the tight-lipped manager of the New York Yankees

everybody was already conforming all over the place, even the professional devotees of anti-conformism for its own sake.

This being so, Mr. Whyte wonders where new ideas, discoveries, methods, aims and basic patents can possibly originate in the America of tomorrow. It is a valid worry. But the reaction will surely come; indeed, Mr. Whyte is already a portent of it. The trot which he supplies to help corporation applicants to cheat on "personality tests" is in itself so hilarious that the tests must cease henceforward to be taken seriously. I will make a bet: in a fashion-ridden America Mr. Whyte will himself become the new fashion with the "advanced" industrialist of 1957. One can only hope that the fashion will leave a permanent mark.

Is Mao a Titoist?

A Military History of Modern China: 1924-1949, by F. F. Liu. 312 pp. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $6.00

China and Soviet Russia, by Henry Wei. 379 pp. Princeton, N. J.: D. Van Nostrand Company. $7.75

China's recent development reveals features of Communist policy that have more than a regional significance. This is crassly confirmed by Moscow's present operations in the "backward" and "semi-colonial" countries of Asia and North Africa. Liu's account, which is primarily (but not exclusively) military, and Wei's account, which is primarily (but not exclusively) political, therefore have meaning for many readers whose main interest is not in things Chinese.

Liu's story makes it abundantly clear that the providing of military material and advisers is a crucial Soviet device for gaining control over strategic areas. The aid Moscow rendered the incipient Chinese Nationalist Government from 1924 to 1927 came close to giving the Communists the upper hand in the expanding "national-revolutionary" territory. The aid Moscow rendered the Chinese Nationalists from 1937 on kept China involved in an exhausting war, which strengthened the international position of the USSR, and eventually opened the way for the Communist domination of the Chinese mainland.

Liu, a former staff and combat officer in the Nationalist Army, deals with several not too well-known aspects of China's contemporary military history—among them, the role of the German advisers, Chiang Kai-shek's effort to build a modern army prior to 1937 and after 1945, and the prominence (Liu thinks the unfortunate prominence) accorded graduates of the Whampoa Academy, especially during the final fight against Communists.

Although Liu's presentation will provoke argument, he adds decidedly to our understanding of the Nationalist regime. With respect to the Red Army he is much less rewarding. He does not describe the military organization of the rural soviets (1928-1934). He does not point out the socio-strategic lessons suggested by the Nationalist campaigns against them. And he does little more than reproduce Mao's frequently cited formulas when he speaks of the military activities of the Chinese Communists during the Sino-Japanese war and the last stages of the civil war. In part, Liu compensates for these omissions by offering a detailed survey of Moscow's early military policy in China; and recent events in the Near East make this very timely.

Wei's account of China's relations with the Soviet Union is less original and less scholarly in its details, but more satisfactory in its broad outlines. Anyone looking for the major data of Moscow's continuing impact on China's internal affairs will find his book extremely useful. He will find it useful also for the time of the Chinese "People's Republic." Wei never doubts that, from the 1920's to 1949, Mao unswervingly followed a "lean-to-one-side" policy and that, from 1949 on, the Chinese Communist leaders were "bent on creating a new China in the Soviet image." This leads him to stress Moscow's guidance of Chinese Communist policy in the critical phases before the seizure of power.

On the basis of our knowledge, Wei's presentation is essentially sound. However, the limitations of his position are indicated by his stereotyping Chinese Communist behavior. "Leaning to one side" is hardly the right term for the real relations between Moscow and the Chinese Communists, which relations, as Wei knows, were close and blueprinted in Russia. A review of these relations clearly shows the Chinese Communists to have been orthodox Leninist-Stalinists, not only before their victory but also when, as masters of a huge Communist empire, they could have acted independently and heretically—had they wanted to.

KARL A. WITTFOGEL

Sums and Zeros

I Am a Mathematician, by Norbert Wiener. 380 pp. New York: Doubleday and Company $5.00

The author of *Cybernetics* in this second half of his autobiography comments on his career as a mathematician. Like all men who can rise above mediocrity, he is a thoroughgoing individualist, and we should particularly note his verdict on the "organized research" that is now so fashionable:

> If I had been born into this latter day feudal system of the intellect, it is my opinion that I would have amounted to little. From the bottom of my heart I pity the present generation of scientists, many of whom, whether they wish it or not, are doomed by the "spirit of the age" to be intellectual lackeys.

The application of this system during the frenzy of Roosevelt's Crusade produced "a general breakdown of the decencies of science which continues to the present day." The exact sciences were invaded by pseudo-intellectual adventurers, evidently of

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the same type as the shamans and panacea peddlers who clustered about the big medicine man in the White House, and Wiener was painfully astonished when he first discovered that he had to deal with intriguers and liars. These new "administrators of science" are necessarily hostile to first-rate minds and are therefore assuring a gullible public that we live in a New Era in which scientific discovery is made by "collective effort," "teamwork," and "group-mindedness" —which is, of course, the equivalent of claiming that a large sum may now be produced by adding together a large number of zeros.

REVILO OLIVER

The Church in America

The Catholic Church, U.S.A., edited by Louis J. Putz, C.S.C. 415 pp. Chicago: Fides Publishers Association. $5.95

Twenty-seven competent Roman Catholics discuss, rather sketchily, twenty-three aspects of their Church in the U.S.A., including such disparate matter as labor, the intellectual frontier, racial segregation, the interior life, religious freedom, the liturgical movement, nationalities and racial diversities, the Church's organization, financial structure and school sytem.

A quick comparison will indicate the growth since 1789 when the first Diocese was established. At that time the single Diocese covered approximately 889,000 square miles and included a rather unneighbored minority of 30,000 Catholics out of almost four million Americans. At present, the thirty-two million Americans who are under the moral and doctrinal discipline of the Roman Catholic Church are still a minority, but a significant one, considerably more friended than the one which constituted the first Baltimore Diocese. Today there are four cardinals, 37 archbishops, 173 bishops, 132 dioceses, 48,349 priests, 8,868 brothers, 159,545 nuns, 16,193 parishes, 20 universities, 230 university colleges, 505 seminaries, 2,383 secondary schools, 9,569 elementary schools, 931 hospitals and 317 asylums.

Religion still buries its undertakers.

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

The Big Blowup, by Betty Goodwin Spencer. 286 pp. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. $5.00

Throughout July and early August of 1910 the number of fires ravaging the national forest reserves in Montana and Idaho began to get out of hand. Then, on August 20, a hurricane appeared, and three thousand fires were suddenly united in a three-million-acre fury. "Crown fires," from one to ten miles wide, raced through treetops 150 feet above the ground at seventy miles an hour. Five hundred miles away, the sun was completely obscured by smoke palls. Entire towns were destroyed, and 85 men died one of the most terrifying deaths nature can inflict. Mrs. Spencer's documentary of this 48-hour horror would make almost unbearable reading if she did not write so feelingly of the color, tang, texture and miracle of living timber as she does of its destruction on a monstrous scale.

Beggars on Golden Stools, by Peter Schmidt. Translated from the German by Mervyn Savill. 327 pp. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. $5.00

This is a very intelligent account by a Swiss journalist of a leisurely prowl through Latin America, from Mexico to the Argentine. Unlike, say, John Gunther, Mr. Schmidt does not swoop down from omniscient altitudes; he just drifts, wherever his curiousity inclines, and his observations are always intimate and fresh. About North American relations with this awakening continent, he is very frank and very right; "if the United States are prepared to let Latin America slip out of their hands, there are others who are only too ready to pick her up." Otherwise, he finds South America an uncreated place. Materially, this land is the richest on the globe; but the people are unborn. What Mr. Schmidt misses is the homogeneity that a European takes for granted ("any taxi driver in Paris has more color, more personality, than a minister or a professor here"), but which it takes more than a few centuries to mature. Like good wine, a good culture takes time, and equally important, no outside air. Latin America is still too exposed to Europe to develop a closed, saturating identity of its own.

My Life as a Matador: The Autobiography of Carlos Arruza, with Barnaby Conrad. 246 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50

The need of a man to make an infinitely subtle, gratuitous game out of an act involving a maximum of personal risk is one which societies north of the Latin latitudes have always found discomfiting, and which our own contemporary America still naively regards as brutal. It is not, of course. A man's instinct to expose himself, to be skillfully vulnerable—whether bodily or spiritually—is one which depth psychology will never plumb. It is, for instance, the instinct which has kept literature, since its beginnings, from becoming a mere parlor game. To write honestly, or to face 1,700 pounds of horned bull, is (as the great Manolete once said) "a very serious thing." Whatever young men are going to make American literature in the next fifty years should find this autobiography of one of the most versatile matadors of the century under their Christmas trees.

Mirror for Gotham, by Bayrd Still. 417 pp. New York: New York University Press. $7.50

Or rather many mirrors, hundreds of them, from the one a Florentine named Verrazano held up to what he called Angoulême, when his ship entered Manhattan's Lower Bay in the spring of 1524; to the one in which Cyril Connolly studies "the ideal of a humanist society" over four hundred years later. The consensus of opinion —in spite of a few notorious dissenters like Kipling and our professionally hectic Henry Miller—is not only favorable, but dazzled by this island which (as Melville once said) "commerce surrounds with her surf." Mr. Still has been a pertinacious collector, of pictures as well as comments, and in appreciation, Mayor Wagner ought to dub him honorary Earl of Sutton Place, or maybe Viscount of Washington Square.

(Reviewed by Roger Becket)

To the Editor

The Midde East and U.S. Justice

Permit me to congratulate you for the wisdom and noble morality that pervade all that I have read in your excellent weekly on the subject of the Great Betrayal of our nation and civilization in Egypt, Hungary, and the UN. Our government supported a one-sided intervention in a part of the world where we professed no stake of interest, and did this without inquiry or even consideration of inquiry; that is to say, without a thought to justice. It seems to me that nothing so wrong has been done since the Nuremberg trials.

Rye, N.Y. ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN

Forrest Davis on Taft

For some time I have felt that I should write to let you know how greatly I value NATIONAL REVIEW, and how I appreciate what it is doing to preserve our *true* American way of life. I was prompted to write this week by your splendid article, "What Would Taft Have Thought?" by Forrest Davis [December 15].

New York City MILDRED A. WALSH

Kohler Throughout!

Some time ago you published an editorial suggesting that anyone who wants to help the comparatively small Kohler Corporation in its fight against the tremendous power of Walter Reuther and the AFL-CIO might purchase Kohler equipment. . . .

It happens that the Upson family is now remodeling a house and putting in two bathrooms. It may interest you to know that as a result of your editorial we are specifying Kohler equipment throughout.

WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

Middlebury, Vt.

Reader to Reader

In your issue of December 8 a correspondent says "Aldous Huxley is not a religionist. He is a naturalist, a social engineer, a world reformer."

It would be difficult to find a more accurate description of what Huxley is *not*. His constant plea is that we must seek and find God first. Over and over again during the past twenty years and more Huxley has expressed his conviction of the utter futility of the social reformer who fails to put the things of the spirit above his worldly plans. Our relationship with God must always come first. . . .

If you don't believe this is the position of Aldous Huxley then you haven't even glanced at his *Perennial Philosophy, Time Must Have a Stop* and *Ends and Means.*

San Francisco, Cal. GERARD T. HEWITT

The Reviews

. . . the "Books in Review" in the December 8 issue is so amazing and outstanding in quality that I must say that I have not seen anything as good in the last twenty-five years. When I mention William C. Bullitt, Chesly Manly, Revilo Oliver, Russell Kirk, Frank S. Meyer, I feel that I really have to congratulate your whole list of collaborators.

Miami, Fla. DR. ALAN DE MONTIGNY

From Across the Fence

I have enjoyed reading your magazine throughout the past year. While I consider myself an Eisenhower Republican and therefore disagree with much of your editorial opinion, I nevertheless feel that your magazine is a useful and articulate exponent of the conservative and anti-Communist view. I was especially stimulated by James Burnham's contributions which display a marked character of common sense. Dr. Kendall's exposure of the Liberal Line is enlightening as well as entertaining.

Washington, D.C. RICHARD W. MURPHY

Cry the Indebted Baby!

RE: Mr. Sam Jones on the tax situation, in the December 15 issue, ". . . every baby is born owing the government $1,939 before he lets out his first howl." Is it any wonder that the first thing he does *is* howl?

Hackensack, N.J. LEO ALVARES

Backs Prof. Kendall

I see that Aloise Heath of West Hartford, Connecticut, is about to "level" Professor Willmoore Kendall for having made some unkind remarks about woman's suffrage in this country (December 8). It must be pure coincidence that the granting by the United States of the vote to its women was timed with the beginning of the debauchery of our Constitution; it must also be coincidence that the sanest and best governed country in the world, Switzerland, has steadfastly refused *its* women the vote.

Courage, Kendall, I am with you.

Lakeville, Conn. JOHN W. BUCKLEY

Correction

In your issue of October 27 you refer to the "socialist Catholic Worker." The *Catholic Worker* group headed by Dorothy Day has long advocated the abolition of all forms of government. They believe in voluntary associations of people brought together on a basis of work and share. Politically they are anarchists.

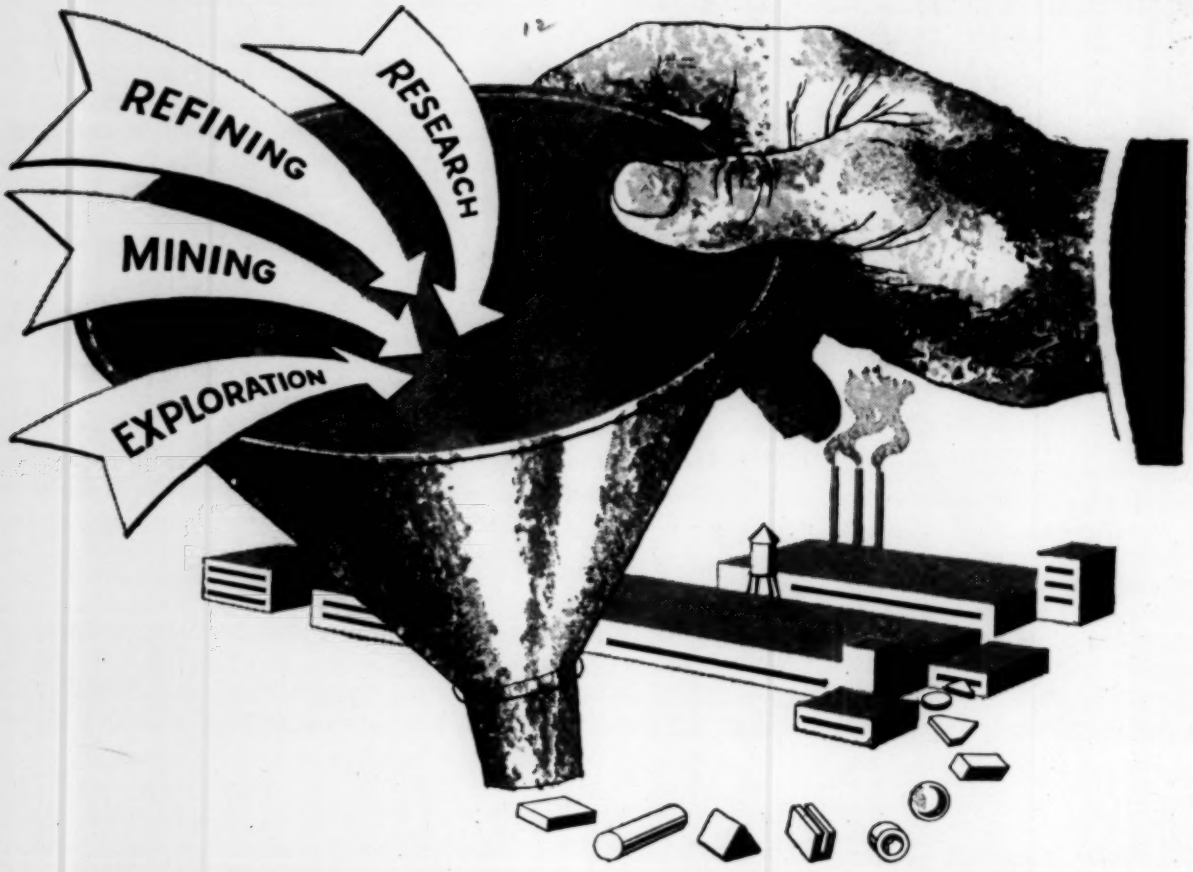
Dunsdale, Md. B. J. SWEENEY

NATIONAL TRENDS

(*Cont'd from* p. 10)

These are good times—there are relatively few temptations to extend federal government activity and abridge individual freedom. But there are bound to be rainy days ahead and it is then that the Constitution's guarantees against unlimited government, and a political party to champion them, will be missed.

And let us add this: that it is a fairly large-sized intellectual crime Arthur Larson has committed in neglecting to mention that the underlying philosophy of the New Republicanism supplants the Constitution. As a general thing, Liberal ideologues may be excused from recording that for them the Constitution is but a legal gimmick for protecting racial minorities and political dissidents: we take that for granted. But with Arthur Larson and the New Republicans it is different. The ultimate rationale of the New Republicanism, after all, is that the people want it; so there would seem to be an obligation to advise the people frankly what the New Republicanism is before the claim is made that they do, in fact, want it. Can't we agree, Mr. Larson, that your "American Consensus" would find *against* the New Republicanism if the people understood that it implies, among other things, repeal of the Constitution?



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